For The Camera

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/67362022.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Categories:
F/F, F/M

Fandoms:
ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Anime), ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Video Game), ウマ娘 | Uma Musume - All Media Types

Relationship:
T.M. Opera O/Reader

Characters:
T.M. Opera O (Uma Musume), Reader, Symboli Rudolf (Uma Musume)

Additional Tags:
Horse Racing, Fans, Obsessive Behavior, Horses, Kemonomimi, Narcissism, Size Difference, Horse Sized Horse Girl, Emotional Manipulation, Lies, Isolation, Manipulation, Praise Kink, Physical Abuse, Choking, Leashes, Masturbation, Fondling, Groping

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-07-11 Updated: 2025-07-17 Words: 8,675
Chapters: 3/4

For The Camera

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

T.M. Opera O manipulates and abuses her biggest fan

Notes

Okay not gonna lie chat this is gonna get a lil problematic heh #AntisDNI

Jokes aside this is basically gonna be Opera manipulating a fan, dubcon, coercion, praise kink type shit but it won't get that bad

I also haven't watched any of the anime or movies and I don't even have opera in the game so if it gets ooc don't hurt me

I'll add tags as I go

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The roar of the crowd, if it could be called that, that description didn't even come close to really describe that great, bellowing collection of bodies—an elemental force of heat and noise and fervor. It surged and receded like the tides, swelled with every passing second, and crashed in great waves against the steel girders of Tracen Academy's central stadium. A sea of sound, rippling through the stands in layered crescendos—footfalls against metal, the shrill peals of whistles, the blaring horns, and the riotous screams of fans lost in the fever of it all.

You stood among them, a small figure swaddled in your respective merch and devotion, your heart pounding so hard it nearly drowned out the madness around you. Bodies pressed on either side, arms raised with banners and scarves and neon glowsticks. Camera drones buzzed overhead like large metal insects, capturing every second of the season's most anticipated race—broadcast live across the country. The air itself vibrated with anticipation, with hunger. The scent of popcorn, shaved ice, hot dogs, grass, and summer sweat thickened it like steam. But none of it registered. Not really.

Because there she was.

T.M. Opera O.

Blazing down the track like a living comet.

Your breath caught in your throat as your eyes locked onto her—your world narrowing to a single, ocher streak tearing down the final stretch of turf. The stadium lights glinted off her gilded armor with every stride, casting fractured halos that shimmered like fire around her frame. Her cape billowed behind her, fluttering in the wind like a banner born from legend. The medallions across her chest rattled in rhythm with her gallop—clink, clink, clink—a fanfare of her own design. Her wrist gauntlets glimmered like polished trophies, her boots tearing the earth with each hammering, perfect step.

She wasn't running.

She was performing.

"Th-that's her—!" someone behind you gasped, barely audible over the uproar.

You didn't need them to tell you. You could feel her. The way the very stadium seemed to quake with each motion, her aura devouring the attention of thousands like a spotlight in a pitch-dark theater. Your throat was dry. Your hands clutched the flag tighter, knuckles white against the soft fabric of the pole. Her crest shimmered in embroidery, a little frayed from too much handling, but still proud. Your slightly oversized hoodie hung over your body like a robe of faith. You wore it like armor, despite the heat, despite the sweat crawling down your back.

All your money was on her again. More than you could afford. You knew it was dumb. Knew you shouldn't. But how could you bet on anyone else?

She was the Overlord.

The Centurial Star.

Your everything.

"Come on… come on…" you murmured, the words trembling as they left your lips, swallowed by the howling crowd. Your eyes burned from refusing to blink. You didn't dare miss a second.

The final two hundred meters exploded into chaos.

Symboli Rudolf was at her flank, inches away. You hadn't even noticed her creeping up, too enraptured by Opera's majesty. But now, with the finish line approaching like the edge of a cliff, she was there. Matching her stride for stride, feet pounding into the turf with such force it shook the screens.

The two titans ran as if yoked together by fate.

Every muscle in their bodies flexed in violent, beautiful synchronicity. Their tails streamed behind them, their legs slicing through the air with impossible velocity. Dirt sprayed behind their feet like thrown shrapnel, dark flecks catching in the wind. Their uniforms stuck to their bodies like second skin, soaked through with sweat that gleamed in the light. And still they ran. Faster. Faster.

You were screaming now. You didn't even realize it, but you were—voice raw, throat tight, flag held high and shaking in your trembling grasp.

She could win. She had to win.

And then—

A twitch. A stumble so minor the cameras almost missed it.

Opera leaned too hard on the inside of the final curve, cape catching a gust at the wrong moment. Her balance shifted. Not enough to fall. Not enough to fail. But enough.

Symboli Rudolf surged forward. Half a stride. Then another. Her sleek form darted forward like a snake. And in that small space between heartbeats—

The finish line.

The screen above you lit up with a dramatic slow-motion replay, drawing a collective gasp from the stadium as the official results materialized.

Second place: T.M. Opera O

You gasped aloud, heart leaping into your throat.

It was inches. Maybe less.

The winner’s fanfare played from every speaker, triumphant and regal. The announcers' voices echoed with breathless enthusiasm, shouting praises for both competitors. Confetti burst in the distance. But your eyes never left her.

Even with second place—

Even with her chest rising and falling in sharp, furious breaths, teeth clenched beneath the weight of what had just slipped from her grasp —

She was still her.

Still radiant.

Still impossibly composed, despite the storm surely brewing behind those violet-ringed eyes.

Still T.M. Opera O.

You found yourself already pressing forward through the throng. Past screaming fans, jumping bodies, disappointed gamblers tearing up slips, and camera drones zipping overhead. Your chest ached, not

from sorrow—no, never sorrow. Your flag was crumpled in your hands. You clutched it like a lifeline.

The stairwells groaned under the stampede of departing fans, every concrete step vibrating with the collective weight of thousands still reeling from the race. You clutched the railing with both hands, fingers slick with nervous perspiration, trying to wedge yourself between elbows and camera poles, bags and cheers, weaving through clusters of chattering spectators still babbling over the photo finish. Someone brushed your shoulder—too close—and you flinched, nearly losing your footing on the next step. But you caught yourself.

You had to keep moving.

You had to get closer.

Down here, at the track's edge, the world opened up.

The noise dulled behind you as you passed through a shaded tunnel and emerged into the staging area, the gated viewing path for fans. Most people weren't rushing anymore. They lingered, calm now, eager but patient as the post race celebration began. After a marquee race like this, the gates were drawn back just enough to let the public stand and catch glimpses of their idols as they exited the field. No autographs promised, no photos guaranteed—just a moment. A brush with greatness. And maybe, just maybe, a look their way.

You'd dreamt of this moment. Every time you watched her race.

The dirt from the track stretched before you in rich, warm tones—neatly raked and still damp from the hydration pass earlier, every line geometric, clean. The turf beside it sparkled in the light, impossibly green. High above, stadium speakers played an encore of the final race call, the announcer's voice still thick with excitement: "…by mere inches, Symboli Rudolf takes the lead! But what a gallant effort from T.M. Opera O, pushing the limits of grace and ferocity to their peak —!"

The words echoed in your chest.

And then, there she was.

You saw her before anyone else.

At the head of the pack, not trailing behind the victor, but commanding the space as if she had won nonetheless. She walked

slowly, her movements as measured and regal as a queen returning from battle—not defeated, simply denied her rightful crown.

A towel draped around her elegant shoulders, catching at the edges of her pauldrons. She lifted one hand—adorned in polished rings, fingers long and neatly kept—and adjusted her cape, allowing the wind to catch it again. It fluttered behind her in glorious waves of pink and gold, pristine despite the exertion she'd just endured. The medals pinned to her chest swayed with each step. Her white tunic clung to her figure, the delicate golden embroidery catching sunlight with every subtle movement.

And she was tall.

So much taller than you remembered from pictures. From videos. From the posters on your wall. Eight feet of divine geometry, legs long and sleek beneath her skirt and greaves, shoulders broad and commanding, frame glittering with the kind of natural perfection you'd only read about in myths. The other racers followed behind her, smiling politely, laughing, some winded, some waving back at the fans already beginning to chant their names—but she was apart. Untouchable. Unfazed. Almost statuesque.

And yet...

There was something in her face.

Her eyes remained set forward, unwavering. Her mouth was curved into a smile, just as the fans expected—a gleaming, confident smile touched by just enough warmth to seem human, just enough grandeur to remain above them. She waved with graceful, sweeping motions, sometimes pausing to sign a program or tip her crown at a fan's adoring shriek. Her voice floated in the air, rich and melodic.

"Hah! Worry not, dear ones! The show is not over—nay, this is merely intermission!"

Her laughter rang out, perfect and practiced.

People ate it up. They reached out for her, not to touch, just to be close. Flashbulbs exploded. The crowd leaned against the gate, hungry for a single glance, a single word.

But none of them saw what you almost did.

That smile—just a little too high on one side. A little too polished.

The eyes—gleaming, yes, but with what? Fire? Fury?

There was a tightness there. A shadow beneath the glimmer. Her jaw clenched beneath the towel for half a heartbeat, her brow tightening. No one else noticed.

Not even you.

Because you were staring. Drinking her in.

You couldn't breathe.

Your lips moved before your brain could catch up. "You were amazing," you whispered. It was barely a voice. Barely sound. Just the raw scrape of emotion clawing its way up your throat. You raised your little hand-sewn flag again, arms trembling with the effort. "Opera O…"

And then—

She stopped.

Midstep. One foot planted in front of the other, body frozen for a single beat of silence in a symphony of motion.

Her head turned.

Her gaze flicked toward you.

And suddenly, the world dropped away.

Your vision narrowed until there was nothing but her eyes—those impossibly bright, terrifying eyes. They locked onto yours like twin searchlights, unblinking, cutting straight through the noise, the crowd, the chaos. Her expression didn't change. Not exactly. The smile held. The eyes sparkled.

But something shifted.

The glint behind them sharpened. Focused.

It was a look not meant for a crowd.

It was a look meant for you.

And then it was gone.

She moved again, brushing past the rest of the gathered fans with another grand wave and a tossed compliment—"Ah, what a glorious turnout today!"—her tone light as could be, her steps steady. But she did not look back again.

You stood frozen by the gate, hands clasped over your chest like you were holding your own heart in place. It thumped wildly beneath your palms. You felt hot all over, flushed to the tips of your ears. Had she really…?

She had.

She looked at you.

Not the crowd. Not the press. You.

You stood there long after the rest of the racers had passed, long after the security began asking people to clear the area. You didn't hear them. You didn't move. Your mind raced with impossible thoughts, with dreams too big for your chest.

You'd always adored her.

Always followed her.

Always believed.

And today—after everything, after second place—

She saw you.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Ambatukammmmmmmmmmmm
>
> I want opera so bad it shouldve been me
> pleasepleasepelaspelaeapleasplelapeldp
>
> Hope you enjoy, if you have any ideas for other angst/whump/
> morally questionable uma fics lemme know
>
> I need them to be evil fucked up manipulators

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The air inside the promenade felt much cooler than the bleachers, filtered through gentle climate control, scented faintly with the polished tile, perfumed crowds, and the sugar-syrup glaze of sweets being sold at a nearby souvenir booth. The tension from the race had dissolved into a kind of giddy afterglow. Fans drifted across the lounge in loose clusters, their voices bright and playful, the tension of the finish already fading into anecdote.

You were barely registering any of it though.

Your heart was too loud in your chest. The blood pounding in your ears drowned out the world. You couldn't even hear the music piping through the speaker system overhead—something upbeat, jazzy, meant to ease the crowd into a shopping mood. But your eyes weren't on the gift stands. Not on the photo zones. Not even on the autograph tables slowly being arranged at the opposite end of the hall.

They were seeking out your idol

Even from this far, Opera commanded the space. She didn't need to speak. She didn't even need to move. She simply existed, and the world shaped itself around her.

The shafts of late afternoon sunlight caught on the gold of her pauldrons and the pink folds of her cape, casting a warm halo around her that was almost too perfect to be real. Her back was straight, but her chin tilted just low enough to suggest she was somewhere else—internally pacing, perhaps. Her jaw flexed ever so slightly as her teeth ground against each other, lips drawn into a paper-thin line.

She didn't look pleased.

You swallowed hard, fingers knotting tighter around the handles of your Opera O tote bag. The jingling of the attached pins grew louder in your ears as they clinked together—tiny portraits of her face, her autograph etched in metallic foil, a miniature cape-shaped charm dangling from the zipper. You'd cleaned them all before the race. Arranged them perfectly, like a shrine. Like they might earn her favor.

And now, as you approached, each step slow and careful, you couldn't help but feel like you were approaching a divine altar.

Your head stayed down at first, eyes on her boots—those gilded spiral greaves that had thundered across the track just minutes ago, now still and statuesque. Dust clung to the lower edges. Even imperfection looked perfect on her.

You finally raised your head. Those eyes—her beautiful, burning eyes—were already waiting for you. There was no lag. No flicker of recognition needed.

She saw you once again.

It wasn't a welcoming glance. Not at first. It was sharp. A flash of something unfiltered, animal and irritated. Not anger at you, you didn't think. Just at everything. A quick pulse of disdain that passed over her face like the shadow of a cloud—gone before it could be named. Her nostrils flared. Her fingers, previously relaxed at her sides, tensed—just for a moment.

She blinked twice. Sharp and fast. Like someone trying to wake up from a bad dream.

You caught your breath.

Was this the wrong time?

If it was then it hadn't remained for more than a moment. As if a switch flipped inside her, a performance cue fired. Her shoulders lifted, her posture lengthened, her chest expanded. She spun on one heel, hair and cape catching the wind of the motion, and suddenly it wasn't the brooding figure of defeat you were facing—it was her.

The Opera King. The Centurial Overlord. The—

"Ah! But behold!" she interrupted your train of thought, her voice

carrying with practiced theatricality through the wide room, drawing the gaze of several passersby. Her arms stretched out wide, as if embracing you from across the tiled floor. “A most devoted soul, bathed in the glory of my visage and bearing the trappings of allegiance! How could I ever ignore such wondrous devotion?!”

You froze, a deer caught in the radiance of a star.

She was—talking to you.

You looked down at yourself, suddenly conscious of the oversized hoodie, the buttons, the scuffed sneakers—oh god, did your hair look awful? You fumbled for words, shrinking slightly under the pressure of her attention.

She approached—walked toward you—with slow, calculated steps, each one landing with enough presence to echo in your bones. Even after seeing her earlier, this close the height difference was staggering—how far above you she loomed. Eight feet of resplendent charm, regality, and sheer gravitational pull. Her shadow fell over you in a soft pink hue as she came to a stop.

“My, my…” she murmured, voice dipping into a softer, velvet tone. She reached out one hand and gently ran a finger along the edge of one of your pins. “Is that… me? A commemorative trinket of my visage, polished and arranged just so. And look at you—draped in my colors, bearing my name…”

You nodded quickly, lips trembling into a small smile. “I—I watched you race today, you were… you were amazing. You always are.”

Her eyes—those deep, violet eyes—glittered as she leaned slightly down toward you. Close enough that you could smell the sharp, elegant perfume woven into her sweat. “Oh, my sweet little admirer… Do not think I did not notice your flag earlier, waving like a beacon in that sea of mediocrity.”

“I—I didn’t think you’d actually see—”

“But of course I did,” she interrupted smoothly. “I see everything. Every eye upon me. Every heart in the stands beating just for me. And yours, my lovely fan, fluttered so brightly.” Her smile curved inwards now, becoming something more intimate.

You shivered under her gaze. But it wasn’t fear. It was pure awe.

Opera's tone dropped even lower, nearly conspiratorial. "And what shall I call you? My champion of the stands? My apostle of praise? What would you prefer—fan or servant maybe…?"

Your mouth opened to respond, but no sound came out. She tilted her head, savoring the silence.

"Ah... shy, are we?" she cooed, fingers now brushing lightly against your hoodie's shoulder, plucking at the fabric with curiosity. "How endearing. How quaint. You wish to speak, yet your reverence binds your tongue." She leaned closer. "But I can hear it anyway. The devotion humming in your bones."

Your legs felt weak.

Yet her smile widened ever further. Her eyes glittered, and this time, there was something *new* in them.

Interest.

But not the warm kind. The kind a starved queen shows to a subject who bows just a little deeper than the rest.

She stepped about as close as she possibly could, and your shoulders instinctively drew in. Her presence was so overwhelming up close, you would choose to melt directly into the floor if you could. Because there's no way you were deserving of such an audience.

" *Truly* , you do possess exquisite taste," she said, her voice lowering just enough to make the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end. "And I *did* hear your cheering earlier, didn't I?"

A pointed question, her tone making it exceptionally clear it wasn't rhetorical.

"Y-yes…"

She looked rather pleased at that, even though it should have been clearly obvious at this point just what you had come to the race for today.

"Even as I walked away from the cruel, unjust hand of fate... your voice rang clearer than the crowd. A symphony composed for me and me alone."

You felt your face flush, heat flooding your cheeks. You couldn't stop

the smile that tugged at your lips, small and trembling. “I—I just wanted to support you. You’re… you’re everything I admire. I mean that.”

Opera’s expression softened—deliberately, so quickly, almost as if she could force that kind of expression on command.

“Then perhaps,” she purred, “you’ll allow me the honor of keeping such a treasured fan close today.”

Her eyes locked onto yours.

“I find… *comfort* … in familiarity after a day so tragic.”

You nodded, barely hearing your own voice as you mumbled, “Of course.”

“Perfect.” She stated, such genuine appraisal filling in any gaps you may have thought you were having. To be offered an opportunity such as this, maybe that's why you said yes. That’s why you had took her hand when it glided so smoothly into your palm.

That’s why, she was leading you… somewhere. And you followed without question, your legs moving before your mind could catch up.

The space around you blurred—the bright promenade lights, the shifting crowd, the voices that once buzzed so loudly in your ears now distant and hollow. All that remained was the sound of her heels against tile, sharp and rhythmic like the opening notes of an overture, echoing off the walls as she led you down a side corridor with all the pomp and self-importance of a monarch returning to her chambers.

You didn’t ask where you were going. You didn’t dare.

Every time you looked up, she was already glancing down at you—those vibrant, imperial violet eyes glowing with something that was almost affection..

Opera didn’t walk as much as glide. Her gait was proud and theatrical, shoulders thrown back, spine straight, every step an exclamation point. Her cape billowed behind her in elegant waves, brushing against your arm again and again—an accidental contact that didn’t feel accidental. The hem whispered over your elbow like a leash.

She hadn’t stopped smiling since you agreed to follow her.

But something in it had deepened, and that couldn't make you any happier. Because even if it wasn't a smile for you, exactly—but a smile because of you.

Her newest audience.

You should have noticed. There was a tightness to it. A flicker of satisfaction. The kind that comes not from receiving affection, but from expecting it. From watching someone fall exactly into the role you imagined for them.

"Your loyalty," she said suddenly, glancing sidelong at you, her voice low and honey-sweet, "is a balm. Like cool cloth upon a fevered brow. You cannot imagine the agony of defeat, dear one. It is a bitter, bitter wine."

"I'm so sorry," you murmured, the words instinctive, your head lowered slightly as if you'd committed the injustice yourself. "You deserved first."

"Of course I did," she said, matter-of-factly, pausing mid-stride to tuck a strand of her orange-gold hair over her ear. "The universe merely faltered. A misstep in its divine choreography." She chuckled under her breath. "But how generous of you to recognize it."

You smiled weakly, unsure what to say.

She turned to you more fully then, walking slowly backward now, towering over you with effortless ease. You froze as her arms opened once again, regal, welcoming, dramatic as always—but there was a new kind of weight behind the gesture now. She was closer than she needed to be. Just inside your personal space, and somehow still pulling you in tighter.

"It is rare," she said, "so very rare, to find someone who understands the depth of my artistry. Someone who sees not just a race... but a performance. A living opera. And me—the Overlord, the muse, the composer and star."

Her eyes bore into you, and you couldn't look away. You tried—your gaze dropped for a fraction of a second—but the moment her voice dipped lower, your head tilted right back up again.

"You see it, don't you? The beauty?" she whispered, her tone soft and devastatingly intimate. "Even in loss, I shine. Even second place cannot dim what I am."

You nodded, throat dry. “You really do... you’re always radiant.”

She beamed.

And this time, the mask cracked just a little.

Not enough for you to see through it—but enough for her to feed.

“Of course I am,” she said with a theatrical sigh. “It simply must be exhausting for the others. Living in a world where I exist—how do they wake each morning, knowing they must chase a star they will never reach?” She laughed. “But not you. No, no. You do not chase. You witness. That is a far nobler role, I think.”

She stopped walking, and you did too.

You’d reached a quieter wing of the academy, away from the gift shops and open lounges. Marble columns lined the corridor now, and tall windows filtered in light that painted the floors in sharp gold.

It never occurred to you to wonder why the door she opened was marked “Staff Only.”

Why her fingers curled tighter around yours when she pushed it open.

Why she glanced—just once, quickly but sharply—over her shoulder, scanning the hallway like a queen stealing away from the court.

Why her smile, caught fleetingly in the polished chrome of the corridor, seemed just a bit… wrong. Too perfect. Too practiced. It didn’t quite reach her eyes. They didn’t twinkle—they assessed.

But you didn’t notice. Not then.

All you could feel was her hand wrapped around yours—pressing into your skin, warm and commanding. Your own fingers felt small, stupid, trembling faintly against hers as she led you past that threshold. The crowd noise outside—once deafening—dampened with every step, reduced to a muffled hum behind closed doors. It felt like crossing into another world.

The corridor narrowed, lengthened. Gone were the sterile white tiles and gleaming modern steel of the public stadium. Instead, rich burgundy carpet swallowed your footsteps, muffling even your breathing. The walls were paneled in dark cherrywood, textured with gold trim that shimmered faintly in the dim light. It didn’t look like a

hallway meant for staff—it looked like a backstage corridor from a velvet-draped theatre, a place built for royalty.

Opera walked ahead without hesitation. Her strides were long and fluid, her cape whispering behind her like silk dragged across marble. But she never let go of your hand. You weren't walking with her—you were being led. Perhaps she didn't want you to get lost.

Every few steps, she glanced back—not with concern, but with confirmation. As if making sure you were still following.

Finally, she came to a halt in front of a tall, imposing door. Golden vines framed its edges, curling upward into theatrical flourishes. At the center, a massive, sweeping "O" was carved into the wood, enshrined in lacquer and gilded in what looked dangerously close to real gold.

She turned toward you, her free hand sweeping into a grandiose bow.

"Behold," she declared, voice rich with theatrical reverence, "the sanctum of the Overlord."

You didn't have time to respond before she pushed it open.

You hesitated—just for a breath.

"I—I don't want to get you in trouble," you offered, voice meek. "This looks like a private—"

Opera stood up from her bow to face you directly again, hand in yours pulling you closer. So close that you had to crane your neck just to meet her gaze as the corridor seemed to shrink.

"Trouble?" she repeated, amused, voice curling around the word like velvet over steel. "My dearest fan—do you think anyone would deny me anything?"

You swallowed as you spoke your next words, not wanting to seem ungrateful to her of all people. Especially when you were getting treatment that you doubt no one else had come close to experiencing today.

"I... I just don't want to impose..."

Her pointer finger shushed you slightly, as it came down and lifted your chin.

That was all it took.

One gentle touch, featherlight, yet more commanding than a thousand shouted orders. You froze again. Your breath caught.

“You are not an imposition,” she whispered. “You are a gift. A precious little thing, fluttering into my orbit like a starstruck butterfly.”

Your cheeks burned.

“And I do so enjoy beautiful things.”

She let go of your chin, finally, and turned her back to you again. Her cape trailed along your side like a tether.

“Come,” she said, gesturing once with her hand again. “Let us escape these dull, blinking crowds. I deserve a moment free of the noise. And you—” she looked back at you over her shoulder, eyes smoldering —“you deserve to bask in me. Properly. Just the two of us.”

It would be rude to decline, thats all you could think as your feet sank into the plush carpet past the door.

Chapter End Notes

Hawk gooah

Starting to announce things on twt more hopefully
https://x.com/Boaing737

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

No beta we die like my self esteem when opera molests me

Next chap I might do smut ehhhhh no promises tee hee

Chapter Notes

Agnes and maybeeee rudolf soon who knows, I love inconsistency

The scent hit first—rose oil, clearly an expensive fragrance, mixed with the faint musk of wood polish. The lights were warm and low, filtering from sconces shaped like old theatre lamps. The space glowed like an old-world dressing room layered over a shrine.

Mirrors rimmed in gold framed the walls from floor to ceiling. They reflected everything—every flicker of her cape, every glint of her jewelry, every part of you standing there beside her. And everywhere you looked, her image repeated—photos, medals, preserved bouquets, velvet-lined cases holding ribbons and tiaras and championship pins. Mannequins stood in ranks, adorned with her past racing uniforms, frozen in mid-victory, their glossy wigs styled to mimic her precise curls.

You stepped inside as if walking into a dream of sorts, a mausoleum. A place too sacred for you to even know of it's existence so much so that behind you, the door locking shut didn't even phase you.

You must’ve looked pathetic in here—your hoodie wrinkled from nervous hands, your bag sagging at your hip, sneakers caked with trackside dust. And her? She looked like she had stepped out of a painting. Her pauldrons caught the low light and reflected it across your face like a spotlight. Her legs braced like marble pillars. Her violet eyes swept down to you.

“Well now,” she said, voice lilting like a lullaby. “Isn’t this better? Just the two of us. No cameras. No interruptions.”

You nodded, too quickly. “Y-yeah. It’s… really amazing in here.”

Her laugh was quiet, smug.

“Oh, but of course it is,” she said with a flick of her wrist, as though

correcting a child. “What else could it be, when it is dedicated to me?”

You gave a soft, nervous laugh in return. It bubbled out of your chest uninvited, not because you thought it was funny—but because she was smiling, and you felt like not smiling back would be sacrilege.

Your gaze wandered upward again. The ceiling bore a hand-painted fresco, curling with roses and stars. In its center, a massive silhouette of an umamusume was raised above the clouds, arms outstretched in victory. It was her, naturally.

You turned back toward her wo you could—WOAH.

RIght... there. So close you flinched. Her thigh brushed against your shoulder, her uniform settling softly as she tilted her head, staring down at you with the slow, deliberate focus of a cat studying a cornered bird.

You didn’t move. You just sat there and smiled instead. A small, trembling smile. Anything to please her.

“I must confess something to you,” she said, her voice changing. Softer now, heavy with feigned vulnerability. “When I lost today… oh, my dear… something inside me trembled. Broke, perhaps. Just for a moment.”

She crouched suddenly, a slow descent that still left her towering above you. Her large, warm hansd settled gently on your shoulders. Lazing over them in a slight grip as though they were just finding a place to rest.

“But then,” she continued, “I remembered you. Your voice in the crowd. The little flag. That face—your face, looking at me like I was still worth something.”

Your heart pounded. “I—I just wanted to cheer you up. You looked—”

“Don’t.” Her voice cracked sharp and immediate, like a thunderclap. One hand left your shoulder to cup your chin, tilting your head upward. Her expression didn’t waver—but the temperature in the room dropped.

“Do not pity me,” she said, low and cool. “I am T.M. Opera O. I am not some weeping child clinging to a ribbon. What I require is not sympathy—it is recognition.”

You nodded quickly, eager to correct your apparant mistake.

“Y-yes. You’re right. You’re… incredible.”

The words poured out of you like water. Reflexive. Conditioned.

Her hand left your chin, and her smile returned like a reward. A pleased hum left her throat, and she stood again, her shadow briefly engulfing you. Her hands trailed gently—too gently—from your shoulders to your hair. She ruffled it once, hands lightly caressing the strands.

“Good,” she purred. “You do have a talent for this.”

You blinked. “For…?”

Her smile deepened—teeth like pearls behind painted lips.

“Worship.”

You laughed—more out of instinct than amusement, your voice small. “I-I don’t know about that, I just… really admire you, that’s all…”

Opera chuckled. “Oh, no, no, no,” she purred, stepping forward again, her fingers catching the front of your hoodie. “No more of that little deflection. That weak little humility. We don’t admire from afar anymore, do we? No… we appreciate things for how perfect they really are, we praise them in their entirety.”

She pulled you forward—not harshly, but with that same overwhelming grace and certainty she carried in every stride. Her palm was pressed gently against your back now, guiding you, coaxing you until your feet moved forward in the same direction. You followed her until you stood in front of one of the towering gold-rimmed mirrors lined along the walls.

“Look,” she said, standing just behind your shoulder. You could see both of you in the glass—your tiny frame in your worn hoodie, dwarfed completely by her gleaming figure, regal and composed, the living embodiment of splendor. Her hand didn’t leave your back. “Do you see how perfect this is?”

“I…” you started. Your reflection looked like a mistake beside hers. But still—being near her made you feel like you belonged. Like you mattered. “You’re… so beautiful.”

“Say it louder,” she said gently, her lips close to your ear.

“You’re beautiful,” you repeated, firmer this time. Unsure if you were providing the requested oomph.

Opera smiled through the reflection.

“Better,” she said. “But not enough. Again. With feeling.”

You swallowed. “You’re beautiful. The most beautiful person I’ve ever seen.”

She beamed. “Yes! There it is. That’s what I want.”

One hand rose to your shoulder again, fingers flexing gently, before she leaned closer and whispered:

“You’re starting to understand. Why I brought you here. Why I allowed this. It isn’t because I needed comfort—it’s because I deserve to be seen. To be adored. Not by just anyone… but by someone who knows how beautiful perfection truly is.”

Her other hand lifted one of the pins on your hoodie—the little golden-framed portrait of her—and thumbed it thoughtfully.

“You dress yourself in my colors, wear my face over your heart… And yet, this hoodie is far too common. Too shapeless. Unworthy of a fan duch as yourself, of the praise spilling from your lips.”

She turned and walked to a polished vanity. From one of its drawers, she retrieved something small—a silk scarf, pink and gold with her emblem at each corner. She returned, unfolding it slowly.

“Here,” she said, wrapping it slowly, carefully around your neck. Her fingers lingered far too long against your throat. “Now you look more the part. Stand tall. Smile.”

You tried to—hesitantly, a little harder than you usually remembered it being.

She reached forward and used two fingers to physically pull the corners of your mouth upward, transforming your expression like a sculptor with clay.

“Smile.” The word was light, but commanding. “You are standing in the presence of divinity. You should be honored.”

“I—I am,” you whispered, your voice cracking. “I really am.”

She tilted her head, regarding your reflection like a critic surveying a portrait.

“Yes… you’ll do nicely,” she mused. “You look like you belong beside me. You see that, don’t you?” She leaned her cheek in, smooshing it slightly up against yours. “What it's like to be something more than just a regular fan. To be a follower of such a benevolent overlord.”

Your pulse thudded.

“You exist to help remind me what I am. To speak aloud the truth that the world tries to silence when I don’t cross the finish line first. That I am resplendent. That I shine. That no one—no one—is my equal.”

She traced the edge of the scarf at your throat.

“And you love that, don’t you?” she murmured. “Being part of my story. Being the voice that calls me back to the stage.”

You hesitated—but the part of you that still felt like a trembling child in her presence nodded.

“I do,” you said quietly. “I want to be there. I want to support you.”

Her smile returned—but this time, there was a glint of possession in her eyes.

“You will.” she said, reaching down suddenly and lacing her fingers into yours, one by one. The gentle warmth only slightly comforting given the proximity.

You could already tell she was grabbing something else, one of arms rested lightly across your collarbone, fingertips trailing like a string beneath your throat, while the other hand adjusted something over your chest: a brooch. A new one. One of hers—a gleaming, ornate thing pulled from a red velvet case you hadn’t seen her unlock.

You hadn’t even noticed her slipping it onto you until the clasp had already snapped shut behind your neck.

Polished till the golden sheen was gleaming. Embossed with her name, T.M. Opera O, in delicate cursive. Just gaudy enough to be unmistakable.

“Haaaah,” she exhaled, a fluttering, dramatic sigh, as her fingers

brushed nonexistent lint from your hoodie. Her smile was a stage smile—radiant and wide and hungry for attention. “Look at us,” she purred. “Don’t we make a divine pair? Overlord and faithful devotee…”

You tried to reply, but the words caught in your throat. Was she really talking to you?

Her hand guided your chin back toward the mirror, to keep you watching, distraction was not acceptable

You saw her first, of course. She stood behind you like a statue carved of light and gold, her body towering, her expression basking in a spotlight only she could feel. You were barely visible—smaller, lost in shadows, your face partially obscured by her hand.

You gave her a tentative smile.

She inhaled, sharp and pleased.

“Yesss… that’s it. Smile for me.” Her fingers combed slowly through your hair, teasing each strand as if she were arranging a prop. “Smile like you mean it. There’s no shame in serving something greater. In fact—it's an honor.”

She leaned closer, her breath warm against your cheek, and posed the two of you like a portrait. One arm around your shoulders, her other hand lifting yours to rest over your heart. Her lips hovered just by your ear, her voice a low murmur.

“Say something.”

“W-What?”

“About me,” she clarified, as though it were obvious. “Anything. Everything. What do I make you feel? What feelings of euphoria does this radiant star embolden inside your bosom?”

You swallowed. “I… you’re beautiful. Everything about you is—”

“Weak. Much too weak,” she said sweetly, without missing a beat. “Try again. Stronger! Louder! Am I not deserving of your praise?”

“Y-you’re stunning,” you said, a little louder. "In words that can hardly even be described. Not a single thing about you should ever come into question when every part is beyond perfection.

Her pupils dilated. She pressed in closer.

“That’s better,” she whispered. “Keep going. More, now.”

“You’re powerful, mentally, physically, emotionally, not a single flaw. It's... magnetic, the way you hold yourself. Everyone watches when you walk into a room. You’re a goddess, Opera. To even be speaking to you right now makes me... unfathomably happy...”

She gave a shuddering breath, half-laughing, half-melting into your back. Grasping tighter as one of her hands left your body, only to cup under her own breast as her gaze looked at herself in the mirror.

“Yes… yes,” she cooed. “More. Tell me more, what about me is so perfect? My feats, my body? WHAT?!”

“Y-you’re unmatched on the track! You don’t just race—you own the race. You command the world with a glance! Your body is... perfect too. Your face, your... legs, your everything. A body without equal, so unmatched in it's beauty yet physically at it's peak as well. Your beautiful sculpted muscles, toned body so rippling with the most attractive curves and—”

She practically moaned out loud at your words, body pressing flush against yours as her hand kept getting incrementily lower and lower. She was biting down on her lip to stifle something else, but you could tell she was not subtle about it in the slightest. She was groping herself at your words.

“Yes, yes! Like that! Say it again—but stronger. Say you love that about me. Not like—love.”

“I… I love that about you. Everything about you. Your stride, your voice—your power.”

“Keep going,” she breathed, lips nearly buried in your neck now. You couldn't see her other arm anymore, as she was mostly obscured behind you, but you could tell from how rapidly it was moving. “Every detail. Worship is a language, and you are fluent.”

“Y-you’re more graceful than any of the other racers. More elegant, more regal, none of them could ever hold a candle to any aspect of you. Not now... not ever.”

Her expression twisted, triumphant. Eyes being held firmly shut as the words alone that were gracing her ears were far more than enough to

stimulate her. That the simple words of praise that she was hearing were caressing her body, pleasuring her in their own way.

“They have fans,” she hissed, “but I have you. They have followers—but I have faith.”

She turned her head, nose brushing against your temple as she whispered, hand continuing to pick up speed as she held you close to her chest. “Say it. That you were born to see me. That your joy—your purpose—is to adore me.”

You felt the words forming before you even realized. “I was… born to see you. To adore you. To love... only you.”

She shivered, entire body convulsing as she brought herself ever closer to the edge. Fueled by the addictive sounds of your words, egging her on to fall in on herself, to feel that love.

“There it is,” she whispered. “The truth. You feel it, don’t you? That relief. That clarity. All that fear and doubt—washed away in my light. Smile for me again, as many times as it is requested of you.”

You tried.

She smiled at your reflection, eyes drinking you in like a mirror had finally caught the angle she wanted. Her grip loosened—just a bit—her chest rising and falling in deep, slow breaths.

“You’ll be good for me, won’t you?” she murmured, voice silken. “No more hesitation. No more hiding. I’ll be here always, for you to see, for you to love, to look at and worship. All you have to do is love me.”

And then—almost like she’d flipped a switch—her tone grew soft, motherly. She brushed your hair behind your ear and gently turned your chin to face her.

“You're are not done yet, surely.” she whispered, smiling with practiced sweetness. "Surely there is praise yet to fall from that mouth, praise yet to grace mine ears."

You blushed. The heat in your cheeks burned with a feverish glow, your voice growing higher, more breathless, each word drawn from the glowing ember of her approval. She was smiling at you. Smiling. That radiant, radiant smile — the one you’d seen in magazines, on victory podiums, on giant screens above the cheering crowds. And now she was smiling at you.

“You're like a goddess, a queen,” you breathed, barely able to look her in the eye, feeling dizzy just from the weight of her gaze. “The others... they’re just racers. But you, you're something more. You're the real champion. You're—”

You hesitated.

Just a flicker of doubt, a sliver of breath you didn’t even notice until it passed.

“—you’re still amazing, even if they are—”

And then the chill hit you. A silence so sudden and so dead, it was like the air had been sucked out of the room.

“They...?”

Her voice cut through the quiet like ice breaking. Mostly because she wasn’t smiling anymore.

You looked up to her face in the mirror, she had stepped away slightly. You hadn’t even seen her move, but you felt the absence—that warmth, that glow that had encompassed you just moments ago. Gone.

“Opera...?”

Before you could say another word, her hand darted forward and snatched your jaw. Her fingers were like pure steel—gripping so hard that it hurt to try and struggle. Your breath hitched as she yanked your head forward, your spine jerking at the force. Your neck burned at the uncomfortable angle.

Her eyes locked onto yours directly—those violet rings now tightened harshly. Her lips curled, the corners trembling not in sadness or pain but in offense.

“How dare you,” she whispered, the words coiling into your ear like poisoned mist. “Even if? Even if they are what, exactly?”

“I-I didn’t mean—” Your words tangled and fell apart as her grip tightened, her thumb pressing against the soft flesh just under your chin. It hurt enough to make your eyes water.

“Oh, I think you did,” she purred, but it wasn’t praise anymore. It was venomous, arrogant and flaring. “You were about to say it, weren’t

you? You were going to say they're better."

"No! Never, I swear—"

"You think I've fallen? That I've slipped from my throne? That I should be forgiven for second place like some pitiful, glass-hearted peasant?"

Her nails bit into your jawline.

"You think I am less, you pathetic, trembling little thing?"

"I—I just meant you're still—you're always amazing, I didn't mean—"

CRACK.

Her palm collided with your face in a clean, blistering strike. The room tilted from the force of it, your head snapped to the side, a hot scream of pain bursting behind your eyes. You stumbled backward, catching yourself on the mirror's stand as your knees buckled.

The echo of the slap rang like a gunshot.

You blinked through tears. Your vision swam. The left side of your face throbbed with heat and your ears were ringing. You dared not look up.

But then—she laughed. A short, joyless laugh. Mocking you for your apparant weakness, for your inability to bear even something as inconsequential as a slap.

"You dare to wear my colors, to shout my name like some desperate hymn from the rafters, and then speak to me like I'm a charity case?"

"I-I'm not—please—I love you, I didn't—"

Thud.

Her boot hit the floor beside your hand. Causing you to flinch greatly, at her size and especially musculature her legs were deadly weapons.

Her shadow passed over you again arm raised up as it was about to plummet downwards. You raised your arms up in some kind of makeshift block just a moment too slow. Another blow, a strike across the back of your head that made your vision flash white. You gasped out in pain, slumping further down towards the carpet.

She crouched down, slowly, letting her hands rest atop her bent knees, watching you crumple.

“Look at you. Groveling. Whimpering. Do you think I find that charming? No—it’s only acceptable if you do it with devotion, not weakness.”

She reached forward again, her hand now beneath your chin, lifting your face despite your resistance. Lifting upwards till your eyes met hers again.

“You will speak clearly. Say it.” She stared you down with such contempt, such disgust in those eyes of her's. That the only emotion that could return from those fearful eyes was submission.

“I-I didn’t mean anything b—” She cut you off instantly.

“Say it. Who am I?”

“You’re… You’re the Overlord,” you whispered.

Her hand tightened further, fingers digging into skin like hot nails.

“Louder.”

“You’re the Overlord.”

“Again.”

“You’re the—” your breath caught, “—Overlord, T.M. Opera O. The brightest. The most radiant. You didn’t lose. It was stolen from you. You’re always glorious—”

She stood up straight, letting your jaw drop as she turned, satisfied, to the mirror.

“Better,” she breathed. “But not enough, no where near enough to forgive your transgressions.”

You pressed your palms to the floor, struggling to sit up. Your limbs trembled as you felt every drop of blood from the corner of your mouth. Everything stung or ached in some way, so much so that you couldn't even register the blur of movement next to you.

When more painful agony lanced through the side of your body, like electricty stabbing through every piece of flesh it hit. She’d kicked you.

Not hard enough to break anything maybe by her standards—but for you it was like a getting hit by a car. That entire half of your ribs was bruised at minimum, maybe cracked. You cried out, body curling inward, coughing as air fled your lungs.

She loomed overhead, cape fluttering slightly with the motion, crown gleaming with the light of a self-made sun.

“You disgrace my presence,” she declared. “You should weep to be near me. You should beg to worship me. You should be shining, you ungrateful little acolyte!”

Her boot came down again—but it didn't stomp, but to press. Slowly, grinding her heel into the flat of your back, the pain mounting quickly with every rotation.

Your muscles locked up. The sheer mass of her—if she put her full weight down, she’d crush you like a literal ant under her boot.

With nothing else to do you just laid there, and whimpered.

“I-I’m sorry… I’m sorr—nngGAHH!"

She ground her foot down as hard as she could, it was awful, terrible agony. It felt like it would grind down until it severed your spine in half. You cried out again, body twisting under the pain. Trying to find any position that would reduce the pain, but only severed to make it worse.

Her voice dropped again. Lower, as cold as patronizing as she could make it.

“You are mine,” she whispered. “You chose this. You begged for me. And I will not be diminished by your hesitation.”

You gasped, trembling as you buried your face in the carpet, trying to mask the awful pain infecting your every sense.

She reached down, hand grabbing you violently by the scarf she had put on you earlier. Fabric straining in her grasp, lifting you halfway off the floor, as it began to close in on your throat. Cutting off your oxygen at the same time as her heel dug in. OXygen deprivation only serving to enhance the scraming nerves in your body.

“Smile,” she ordered.

You tried. You really did. Your mouth trembled. Your eyes leaked. You smiled as best you could, anything to get her to stop.

“I-I’m sorry… You’re—you're glorious. You’re always radiant. You never lose. Never.”

Her eyes fluttered shut for a moment.

As if basking.

“I know,” she sighed, smile stretching wide. “And if you value your place here, you will never, ever, even let me think that you might have forgotten.”

She dropped the end of the scarf from her hand and stood up to her full height again, brushing herself off. The tension bled from her shoulders, her breathing evened before turning to the closest mirror. She looked herself over for a moment, tilted her head slightly, and adjusted her crown.

Then—as if nothing had happened—she extended her hand to you.

“Up,” she said. “Let us not wallow in dissonance. .”

Shaking and bruised, you managed to reluctantly braing yourself up to your feet again. Hardly even having a moment to yourself to assess the damage, before she wrapped an arm around your shoulder.

“Come,” she said, leading you back toward the mirror, your own reflection pale and wilted beside hers, tall and golden and whole. “Let us admire us both. One, a star. The other, its loyal moon.”

She looked at you in the glass. Her smile returned.

“Perfect,” she whispered, beaming. “That’s it. Yes. That’s the smile.”

And again—You smiled.

Because she told you to.

Because you loved her.

Because she had to love you back.

End Notes

httpss://discord.gg/5tT6czz4BW

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